

Two Very Happy Birthdays

by Nairobi-Harper

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Summary: A birthday story written for TCKing12; by the way, happy belated birthday!

Two Very Happy Birthdays

Author's note: As requested by TheDisneyFan365, a Fanfiction author on here, I have written him a birthday story. I apologize for it being so very late, as I haven't been able to upload any new stories for the past two weeks thanks to my Internet being out, but, now that it's up, I hope that you enjoy!

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****Two Very Happy Birthdays****

On a warm spring day, TCKing12 was about to take a walk outside when he found that there was a letter inside of his mailbox.

"Hmm, I wonder what this is," TCKing12 said to himself. He picked up the letter, opened it, and read it quietly to himself. "_Follow the clues to figure out where your surprise is." _He raised an eyebrow. "What clues must they be talking about?" He figured that this must somehow relate to his birthday, as on this day, he'd be turning seventeen years old.

Meanwhile, far, far, away, the King of the Confederacy, Peter, had just woken up himself. He looked outside, smiling.

"Twenty-one years old today," he mumbled to himself. "I wonder what everyone must be planning." He changed into his outfit and grabbed a few of his gadgets, along with his special sword, Erebus; the name meant "chaos, darkness, and destruction." Of course, Peter wasn't

evil, though had just thought this to be a good name for his sword.

He then walked outside to his mailbox, knowing that the first thing that he found inside of his mailbox was a letter. He picked it up, wondering what it must be. He read the address carefully to himself. He was surprised to see that there was no return address. "My, this will be interesting!" He finally opened it, and saw that it read exactly what TCKing12's letter had read. "Clues? Surprise?" He stuffed the letter inside of his suit neatly, not wishing to lose track of it. He called to his servants, Michael and Troy. "I must go out and find clues for a surprise!"

"What surprise?" His two servants asked at the same time.

"I have a feeling that it must have something to do with my birthday," Peter told them. He pulled out the letter and showed them. "It says that I must 'follow the clues to figure out where my surprise is.' He put the letter back inside of his suit. "Today is my twenty-first birthday, as you already know, and you know how much my friends enjoy throwing me birthday parties."

"We see," Michael replied.

"What clues must they mean?" Troy asked. Peter shrugged.

"Perhaps the type of detective clues?" He suggested.

"I'll get the magnifying glass," Michael stated. He went back inside and came out with a magnifying glass.

"Well then, you two, it's settled," Peter announced. "We will go out and search for clues."

"But who will take care of the castle?" Troy asked.

"Hmmâ€¦ well, I assume that all of my friends are at the location where this 'surprise' is at, so surely none of them will be able to take care of the castle," Peter deduced. "It seems that one of you will have to take care of the castle while I'm out."

"I'll be willing," Troy stated.

"Alright," Peter told him. "You know where everything is in case someone comes in, right?" His servant nodded. "Good. I expect the best of work from you, Troy." He turned to his other servant. "Let's get searching."

While Peter had just started his search, TCKing12, on the other hand, wasn't far away from finding his first clue. He was walking up and down the sidewalk with a magnifying glass, searching carefully for clues.

'When will I find one?' TCKing12 thought to himself.

Finally, as if on cue, he ran into a footstep that looked rather similar. He bent down to the ground, looking at it closely.

"This is a footstep," TCKing12 acknowledged. He made out what looked like a high heel; there were very few people out at this time, seeing

as how it was only six-thirty in the morning. "Now, I have to follow this footstep to see what others I can find." As he continued walking, he found a whole trail of footsteps.

'Hmmâ€¦ interesting,' he thought. He eventually came to a point where he had to cross. He pushed the stoplight, allowing the cars to go by, before walking across the street himself. 'I can't wait to see how this'll end up.'

Peter, meanwhile, was very close to finding his first clue.

"I don't know, I feel like we're getting closer and closer," Peter mentioned.

"As do I," his servant, Michael, agreed. It turned out that they were both right, as Peter, holding the magnifying glass up close, finally saw a footstep.

"Oh, look!" Peter exclaimed. Michael ran over.

"It appears to be a high heel," his servant noted. "Perhaps a woman's footstep?"

"Yes, it does appear to be that," Peter agreed. "I don't know how many clues we have left, but this seems to be our first one." His servant nodded.

As they walked a bit further, they saw a trail of footsteps.

"Sir, look at these!" his servant exclaimed.

"Hmmâ€¦ these must belong to the others," Peter observed.

In comparison to TCKing12, who had just found his second clue, he was a tad bit behind, but that was mainly because of how long it took for him to prepare in the morning.

'I can't wait to see what they've cooked up,' Peter thought.

TCKing12, on the other hand, was searching for his third clue. Previously, he'd found both what seemed to be a woman's footstep, along with an eraser; the eraser had had the initials "C.F." on it.

'That must be Chuckie's eraser,' TCKing12 thought. 'But Chuckie can't write yetâ€¦' He picked it up, planning on giving it to Chuckie's parents once they arrived. Underneath it, he saw a random, strange, piece of cloth. 'What is thisâ€¦?' He pondered over the question in his mind for about another minute before deciding to continue walking. 'At least I'm hopefully nearly done with this.'

With a tad bit more walking, he'd eventually found his third clue; it was a bar of lipstick, one that he recognized as Didi's.

'Hmmâ€¦ I think I'm getting a little bit closer,' he thought. Seeing as how he'd already put the eraser inside of his pocket, he decided to not to pick up the bar of lipstick, leaving it on the ground.

This was at about the same time that Peter had found his second clue; since TCKing12 had taken the eraser, all that he ended up seeing was a broken piece of cloth.

"What do you think, sir?" his servant, Michael, asked.

"I'd say that this piece of cloth likely belongs to Phil Deville," Peter guessed, rubbing his chin. "Of course, we won't be picking it up, but I take it that this is our second clue."

"I do too," Michael replied. "Now, let's get on to finding the third clue."

After walking a little bit more, they found the third clue, which was a bar of lipstick. Peter's servant bent down.

"This lipstick is red," Michael told him. "Do you know any women who regularly wear red lipstick?"

"One that I can name off the top of my head is Didi Pickles, one of my close friends," Peter acknowledged. "I wouldn't be surprised if she's at whatever party that they're throwing for me."

"I suppose that this is our third clue, then," Michael said.

"Yes, it surely is," Peter said. "Now, let's go on and find our fourth." Michael headed over to the other sidewalk, checking for clues, while Peter stayed on the same sidewalk that they'd found their third clue on.

TCKing12, at this point, was on his fourth clue, though was falling behind a bit. Since he couldn't be in two places at the same time (on one sidewalk and on the other,) he had to take a few extra minutes to walk to the other sidewalk when he couldn't find a clue; this wasn't much of a problem for Peter, who decided to have his servant, Michael, walk on the other sidewalk.

"Where in good Heavens is this clue?" TCKing12 grumbled to himself. His eyes widened once he saw something. There, in the distance, was the fourth clue.

Peter, on the other hand, was rather close to finding the fourth clue as well. He had been walking around with his servant when he'd finally seen it in the distance.

"Michael, there it is, in the distance!" Peter exclaimed. He began to run as quickly as his feet would let him; his servant followed behind.

"I've found it," TCKing12 told himself, running to it.

"There it is!" TCKing12 and Peter shouted at the same time. They both jumped up in surprise once they saw each other.

"Peter?" TCKing12 asked.

"TCKing12?" Peter asked.

"What are you doing here?" They asked each other at the same time.

"Well, I got a letter in the mail this morning stating that I need to 'follow the clues to find my surprise,'" Peter explained to TCKing12.

"That's strange," TCKing12 told him. "So did I."

"I think I know what's going on," Peter stated after about a minute of thinking about it. "Our birthdays both fall on March twenty-ninth, don't they?"

"Yes, I believe they do," TCKing12 confirmed.

"Wherever this birthday party is, they must be throwing one big party for the two of us because it's what makes the most sense," Peter figured out.

"I assume that we're both on the same clue number," TCKing12 said. "I'm on Clue #4."

"As am I," Peter stated.

"Since we've both found each other anyway, would you like to find what are probably the last clue, or few clues, together?" TCKing12 asked. "It would make the most sense since we're going to the same place anyway."

"We should," Peter agreed. "However, I think it would be more helpful if we walked on separate sides of the sidewalk. Then we could find clues faster." TCKing12 nodded; therefore, Peter walked across the street after letting a few cars pass, and began searching for clues on the other side. It took about five minutes before Peter shouted something out loud.

"I've found a clue!" TCKing12's eyes widened. Looking for cars first, he then raced across the street, seeing that Peter was standing near a burger joint.

'I can't believe that we've walked this far,' TCKing12 thought.

"What does it say?" TCKing12 asked once he'd caught up.

"It says '_Using Peter's new invention, drive to us, '_" Peter read aloud. TCKing12, who'd never heard of this device before, was befuddled.

"Peter, you have that device on you, right?" TCKing12 asked, a look of confusion on his face.

"Oh, of course," Peter clarified. "In fact, after I invented it yesterday, Kimi on our date last night told me repeatedly to make sure that I carry it today. I had a hunch that it would have something to do with our surprise."

"This seems to be our final clue," TCKing12 acknowledged as Peter's servant, who had been carrying his bag full of gadgets, helped him find the gadget that would be helpful for this clue. Once they'd found it, Peter opened the gadget. It looked similar to a mini car.

"You two, get in and buckle up," Peter told them. They hopped in, sitting next to Peter.

"Hmmâ€¦ I don't seem to remember this device," TCKing12 stated, raising an eyebrow.

"That's because I'd only invented it around three days ago," Peter explained. "Surely, it'd be easier for you to remember the things that I've had for a long time, such as Erebus right here." He pointed to his sword.

"Wellâ€¦ what does this do?" TCKing12 asked.

"This device will give us the locations of everyone if I type their names into this little spot right here," Peter explained. He was pointing to a keyboard and what seemed to be a mini computer; these things had been placed where a wheel would've been in a normal car. "It will then send us right there if I click 'yes.'"

"I think that you should only type in the names of three or four of them," TCKing12 said. "Surely, they're all in the same place."

"Yes, we can assume that based on this whole thing," Peter responded. "I'll type in three of their names and then we can get going."

Since Peter was a quick typist, he managed to type in Kimi's name, Celrock's name, and Tommy's name. Suddenly, a message on the computer popped up. It read, "Do you proceed?" Peter clicked on it before the device began making noise.

"What is that?" TCKing12 asked. "Why is this device so loud?"

"It needs time to start up," Peter explained. "I filled it up as soon as I invented it, so we should be going in threeâ€¦ twoâ€¦ oneâ€¦" The device finally began working as they flew up into the air. There was far too much wind and dust for them to see what was going on, which was why they were glad once they finally arrived at their destination. Their eyes widened once they saw who was there.

"Happy birthday, you two!" Everyone shouted. The two were both very surprised and very happy to see that their birthday party would be at DisneyWorld; even Peter's servant looked amazed by the whole ordeal.

"Thank you so much!" TCKing12 shouted, stars practically in his eyes. He hadn't been to DisneyWorld in quite a while, and had actually been hoping to go for quite a while; however, school had been rather busy for him lately, and he hadn't been able to go in what felt like years.

"We really appreciate it," Peter said with a smile. "The clues thing was interesting, as well."

Nairobi-Harper and Celrock, who had done most of the planning, smiled at the two.

"We're really glad to hear that you like it," Nairobi-Harper told them.

"Yeah, we put as much time as we could into this, and, it really warms our hearts to know that you guys like it so much," Celrock said with a smile.

"Well, we do, and, we just, really appreciate it," Peter repeated, amazed by it himself. "Honestly, though, how much did this whole thing cost? Not just to rent out all of DisneyWorld, but to buy all of these things, such as the two cakes that I see?"

"Oh, no, Peter, it was perfectly fine," Kimi claimed. "Once we told the park managers who you guys are, they let us all in for free to celebrate your birthday." She was seventeen by now, though would be turning eighteen over the summer of the year.

"Guys, you really didn't have to do this," TCKing12 told them, feeling bad to know that they'd spent so much money.

"We _wanted _to do it," Chuckie assured him him.

"Yeah, don't feel bad about it," Kimi told them. "Plus, like we said, it really wasn't that much trouble."

From the other side of the building, Sovietlollipop, who had his hands behind his back, made an announcement.

"Attention, please!" He called. Everyone turned around, seeing that he was standing near the dining table. On the dining table were two humongous square shaped cakes with something white covering them.

"Those cakes are huge," TCKing12 whispered to Peter, his eyes widening.

"I agree," Peter whispered. "That's a good thing, though. There will be enough for everyone in the end." They both turned to Boris Yeltsin, letting him continue his announcement.

"Today we will be celebrating the birthdays of both TCKing12," - the people there clapped, smiling - "and Peter Albany, King of the Confederacy." They clapped for Peter, as well, who was smiling. "TCKing12 is seventeen today. Peter is twenty-one years old today, meaning that he will be served his first alcholic beverage, though only _if _he wishes."

"I would like some wine to try, though that is all," Peter stated.

"Alright then," Sovietlollipop replied. "This is how the party will work: first, we will eat the cake and serve Peter what we can assume is going to be his first ever glass of wine." Many cheers could be heard. "Then, we will open presents." More cheers could be heard. "Lastly, we will go on a few rides here." Everyone was cheering by now. "However, keep in mind that if you break a ride, even if by accident, you will have to pay for it, so please everyone, be on your best behavior so that we don't get into any accidents here." Everyone at the party nodded. "Now, Boris Yeltsin will serve you your cake."

Boris Yeltsin, who had been standing behind the second cake, walked out from behind it, revealing himself.

"Like we did at Celrock's birthday party in December, we're going to have the birthday girl - or in this case, the birthday boys - eat the first slice of cake from their two individual cakes," Boris Yeltsin explained.

"So does that mean that we'll each get two slices of cake after they're served?" Chuckie asked.

"Yes, Chuckie, it does," Boris Yeltsin replied. "Peter, TCKing12, please come up." The two walked up, everyone staring at them.

'This should be tasty,' TCKing12 thought.

All of the plates were laid out, and it was obvious that someone had counted the number of plates before the party had begun. Boris Yeltsin grabbed the knife, slowly cutting a slice of cake. He then cut another, putting it on a plate.

"You two can choose which one you would like."

"Hmmâ€¦ I'd say that I want this slice," Peter said, picking up a plate; on the plate was the first slice that Boris Yeltsin had cut.

"In celebration of your twenty-first birthday, Peter, I will pour you a glass of wine," Boris Yeltsin told him. He took a glass of wine beside him, pouring it into a cup for Peter. "I doubt that you'd want much of this, but you can come back for more later on if you'd like some more." He handed Peter the beverage; Peter accepted, staring at it with hesitation.

'I should probably find a sink in case I don't like the taste,' he thought to himself.

"TCKing12, what drink do you want?" Boris Yeltsin asked.

"Lemonade, please," TCKing12 said. Boris Yeltsin poured the cup of lemonade for TCKing12, and handed it to him.

"Enjoy," he said.

"I will indeed," TCKing12 responded. He glanced around before finally setting his eyes on the dining table. It had so very many seats that he couldn't help but wonder where he should sit.

'I'll sit in the front with Peter,' he finally thought. 'After all, today are our birthdays.' With this in mind, he walked to the front, putting his cake and lemonade down. Peter followed, taking a seat next to him.

"Everyone else may now line up to be served," Boris Yeltsin reported. The other attendants of the party lined up, one behind the other, waiting for their slice of cake and beverage.

It took quite a while, thanks to there being so many people, though eventually, everyone had been served their slice of cake and beverage. Now, they all sat down at the dining table, eating and chatting. They continued eating for a little while more before Lil asked a question.

"Wait," she said, confused, "where's Angelica and her family?"

"They're banned from parties for quite a while after what they did at Celrock's birthday party," Peter reminded her. "In fact, I do thank you all for remembering that. What Angelica did at the last party was unacceptable, and to be honest, I'm rather glad that they didn't attend this one." The others nodded, understanding what he meant. After that, there were a few comments about how hot it was, though the food was finished rather quickly.

Soon enough, after everyone had eaten as much cake as they could, it was time to open presents.

"We will now be opening presents!" Sovietlollipop announced, standing up. "Everyone over to the grass!" They all headed over, taking a seat.

"We'll have to remove the dining table before we leave today," Olaughlinhunter reminded Celrock as they walked.

"Oh, yes," Celrock said, "Didi, Betty, and Nairobi-Harper said that they would help."

"Alright," Olaughlinhunter whispered.

"We'll go in order of who's sitting in the grass," Nairobi-Harper announced once they were all sitting down. "Celrock, since you're the first in terms of order, you're going to start us off."

"I hope that you enjoy your presents," Celrock told them with a smile, handing them each a gift in a box. Peter shook it.

"I wonder what this is," Peter said. He put the box down, tearing off the tape. TCKing12 did the same. They were both pleased once they saw their gifts.

Celrock had bought Peter a Glorisia flower, while TCKing12 had gotten a full bouquet of roses himself.

"Whoa!" Peter exclaimed. "Celrock, where in good Heavens did you manage to find a Gloriosa flower?"

"Well, it took a lot of searching, but I had Tommy and the others help me find it, so I guess you can say that it's a gift from all of us," Celrock said. "I really wanted to get you a really nice gift after you got me that driverless car back in December for my birthday, which I, by the way, love!"

"Thank you very much, Celrock," TCKing12 said. "We really appreciate it."

"You're very welcome," Celrock said, sitting back down. She turned to Nairobi-Harper, who was sitting between she and Olaughlinhunter on the couch. "I do believe that it's your turn." Nairobi-Harper nodded, a huge smile on her face as she waited for TCKing12 and Peter to open their gifts.

"I spent some of my birthday money on this, seeing as how my birthday

is in exactly one week," Nairobi-Harper told them. She handed them each their gifts.

"Oh, wow!" TCKing12 said with a smile. "You got me Nick and Judy!"

"Nick and who?" Didi asked out of confusion. She, Stu, Tommy, and Dil were sitting in the back; Dil was the only one of them who didn't look confused.

"They're these two characters from the new Pixar movie, Zootopia, and she got me plushies for the two main characters of the movie, Nick and Judy," TCKing12 explained.

"Zootopia, you said?" Didi asked. "We might have to go see that one."

"You really should," Nairobi-Harper told her. "You'll walk in thinking that it's just a kid's movie, and then you'll come out realizing that it subtly dealt with issues that are going on in real life."

"Is it still showing in theaters?" Didi asked.

"It is," Nairobi-Harper replied. "I went to see it on March fifth, but I do know that since Deadpool, a movie that my father promised that he'll rent for me, seeing as how it's R rated and I can only get into PG13 movies, is still showing in theaters, I can guess judging by that that Zootopia is still showing in theaters. This assumption is also supported by the fact that Deadpool came out over a month ago, on February twelfth, but Zootopia came out on March fourth, meaning that if they show a movie that's older than Zootopia in theaters, they'll definitely show Zootopia."

"I'll most certainly take the family to see it," Didi stated with a smile.

Peter, meanwhile, had just opened his gift, which was a birthday card and a new alarm clock. He raised his eyebrow once he saw that the alarm clock was missing something.

"Is this an invention?" he asked. "I've never seen an alarm clock quite like it."

"Stu helped me make this one when I told him that I was having troubles with it," Nairobi-Harper explained. "I had the idea in mind, but I've never been good at building things, which is also one of the reasons why I didn't do too well in my engineering class." She frowned.

"It's okay Nairobi-Harper," Tommy replied. "That class ended over a month ago, and you said that you won't be coming back for a third trimester, so you don't have to worry about it anymore."

"I know, but I still feel sort of bad for not being good at it," she said, frowning. Instead of continuing her moping, she looked up, smiling. "But, this isn't about me. This is about Peter and TCKing12, so, regardless of whether or not I was the person who made it, I hope you enjoy the gift that Stu helped me make."

"I do indeed, but I must ask a question," Peter stated.

"Yes?" Nairobi-Harper asked.

"Why is there no top to this alarm clock?" he asked.

"Oh, well, that's easy," Nairobi-Harper said, "this alarm clock that Stu and I made is designed to not stop beeping until you've gotten out of bed for at least two seconds." Peter's eyes widened.

"Well, I think that that's a swell invention," Peter told her. "Thank you two for making it!"

"You're welcome," Nairobi-Harper and Stu said at the same time. Nairobi-Harper looked to Olaughlinhunter. "Your turn."

"I decided to write you both a short story on why you should feel very good about yourselves, especially on this special day," Olaughlinhunter explained. She handed them each printed pieces of paper. "Sadly, I didn't have much time to buy a gift, but I worked as hard as I could on this." She could see that Peter and TCKing12 were reading through it; as they did, smiles came to their faces.

"You know, I think that this is actually just as good, if not better, than a store bought gift," Peter told her.

"Yeah, it's really making us happy just to read it," TCKing12 told her. "Thank you so much for this gift, Olaughlinhunter." Looking surprised, yet pleased, Olaughlinhunter nodded with a smile.

"You're very welcome," she said, ecstatic. "Lucy, I think you and your family are next."

"This is from the whole family," Lucy said. Peter and TCKing12 both unwrapped their gifts, opening their presents.

"Oh, wow!" TCKing12 exclaimed. "You got me a baseball cap signed by Jackie Robinson's daughter?"

"If he was still alive, we would've gotten Jackie to sign it, but, y'know," Alisa explained.

"Sharon Robinson is a writer now, and our family was in Washington about two months ago when we caught sight of her," Susie explained. "I'm a huge fan of her books, and I actually got my favorite book signed by her, 'The Hero Two Doors Down,' signed, and we also got a baseball cap that we'd bought for you signed by her."

"Well, I've got to say, I really like it!" TCKing12 said, very pleased with his gift.

"And we're glad to hear so," Lucy told him.

Peter, on the other hand, had gotten new headphones for his computer.

"Thank you very much," Peter told them, smiling. "Where did you get these from?"

"You're welcome," Buster told him, "and I'd actually found these on

Amazon while we were searching for a gift to buy you; I ended up calling everyone and telling them that I'd found a gift I thought you might like."

"We put our money together to buy it," Susie added.

"Well, I certainly do like them," Peter said.

"Didi, it's you guys' turn," Buster told them. Didi and her family nodded as Peter and TCKing12 unwrapped their presents. What they saw in front of them amazed them.

"A hoverboard," TCKing12 whispered, putting his hand over his mouth.

"While I do appreciate the gift, I must askâ€¦ these do not blow up, right?" Peter asked.

"No, they do not," Stu clarified. "In fact, I made them specifically so that they wouldn't blow up."

"Amazing!" TCKing12 whispered, in shock.

"We'd also bought you two vases," Didi stated. "Tommy had wanted to make something, but unfortunately, we couldn't bring it along." They could see that the three-year old boy was frowning. "Is it possible for us to bring it to your castle tomorrow, Peter?" As she said this, TCKing12 took into account that his vase was purple, while Peter's was red.

"Yes, that should be perfectly fine," Peter stated. "Is one pm a good time?"

"Oh, it's perfect, actually," Didi said. However, TCKing12 wasn't listening, instead studying the flowers.

"This will be wonderful for my bouquet of flowers," TCKing12 noted.

"Yes, and it will look great in the castle," Peter said. "We really appreciate these gifts."

"Especially the hoverboards!" TCKing12 exclaimed.

"We're glad you like it," Didi responded.

Sovietlollipop, seeing that it was his turn, hopped up, handing them each gifts.

"I made you two some homemade bows and arrows," Sovietlollipop explained once Peter had opened his gift.

"Very crafty," Peter said, smiling.

"It definitely is," TCKing12 agreed. "Thank you so very much."

"Yes, thank you," Peter stated.

"You're welcome," Sovietlollipop said. He turned to the Finsters, who were sitting right next to him.

"Oh, well, uh, two of you will get presents from two of us, and then the other two will get presents from Kimi or Chuckie," Chaz explained. He handed Peter a gift from Kimi, while he handed TCKing12 a gift from Chuckie. The two sat down, opening their gifts; Peter had gotten a teddy bear, while TCKing12 had gotten a stuffed tiger, as well.

"Thanks, Kimi," Peter said, smiling. She nodded, not knowing how to say "you're welcome" yet.

"Chuckie, this is great," TCKing12 told Chuckie. The freckled boy nodded with a smile.

"Now, for the gifts that Chaz and I got," Kira said, handing her box to TCKing12; Chaz's was handed to Peter.

"Wow, a CD collection!" Peter said with a smile.

"You were telling me about your favorite songs a few months back, so I made a full collection for you," Chaz explained.

"Cool, a handmade wallet," TCKing12 said. "Thanks so much, guys."

"Yeah, thank you," Peter said.

"You're welcome," Chaz and Kimi said; Kimi and Chuckie just nodded again, clearly understanding what the two were saying, but not knowing how to say the words themselves.

"The last people up are the Devilles," Chaz noted. Betty, Howie, Phil, and Lil gave them both individual gifts. Peter opened Howie's first, seeing that it was a calculator.

"Heh, Howie thought, as the king, you would've done a lot of math at that castle of yours," Betty explained.

"Yep," Howie said. Peter nodded, smiling.

"I'll certainly be using it," he said, "and you're right, I do have to do a lot of calculating at my castle. It'll be a lot easier this way." TCKing12, meanwhile, had gotten a book, which turned out to be "The Hunger Games."

"Oh, I've heard about this one, but I've never read it," TCKing12 said. "Thank you for getting it for me, Howie."

"You're welcome," Howie said. Betty was the next to hand in her gifts; she'd gotten TCKing12 a new charger, while she'd gotten Peter a football.

"Thank you very much, Betty," TCKing12 said. "I really needed this for my phone."

"This football is also very swell," Peter stated, smiling.

"You're welcome," Betty said. "Now, the pups have a little somethin."

"What is it?" TCKing12 asked.

"Heh, the pups just got you two birthday cards," Betty explained. However, it turned out that Phil and Lil had gotten a lot more than that; inside of the boxes that they'd been given, Peter and TCKing12 found lint, dirt, pencils, erasers, and much, much, more.

"Ohâ€¦ my," Peter said.

"Uh, Bettyâ€¦ I think they gave us a lot more than that," TCKing12 stated, deadpan. Betty, raising an eyebrow, walked over.

"Whaddya me - oh sweet Heavens!" she exclaimed. "I didn't know they put that much stuff in there!" Phil and Lil gave guilty smiles, sensing that they were in trouble. "Well, I'm hopin that you can forgive the pups for thisâ€¦"

"Oh, it's fine, Betty," Peter assured her. "It's just what kids do. No hard feelings."

"Yes, Betty," TCKing12 said. "Plus, the birthday cards along with the other gifts were amazing!"

"Well, I'm glad that you think so," Betty said, forcing a smile. Once she'd finished speaking, Nairobi-Harper began.

"Now, I think we should all enjoy the rides," Nairobi-Harper stated. "Since it's Tuesday and we're in Florida, I know that a lot of us will have to get going soon to finish homework and we all undoubtedly will need to catch our flight, with the exception of Peter, his servant, and TCKing12." Everyone else nodded, agreeing with the idea.

It was thanks to that that they all ended up going on the best rides of the park, such as "Mickey's Philharmagic" and "The Magic Carpets of Alladin." It was very fun; in fact, it was so fun that once the day ended, none of them could believe it.

"It's over that fast?" Phil asked his friends; since he was speaking in baby language, none of the adults heard him, but if they had, they certainly would've agreed.

"Well, even if it did end quickly, I still enjoyed it very much," Didi stated.

"Agreed," Betty said, wiping sweat off her forehead.

"We enjoyed it, too," Peter said. It wasn't long after he said this that they all began cleaning up.

Surprisingly, cleaning up didn't take very long, and soon enough, they'd, more or less, cleaned up as much as they needed to.

"Before we go, everyone, let's all give Peter and TCKing12 one last happy birthday," Boris Yeltsin shouted.

"Happy birthday, you two!" everyone shouted.

"Thank you so very much," Peter and TCKing12 said. Though Peter simply walked over to the car that they'd come to the party in,

TCKing12 caught sight of Didi, Betty, Nairobi-Harper, Olaughlinhunter, and Celrock folding the dining table.

"Whoa!" TCKing12 exclaimed, amazed by the sight. "What kind of table is that?"

"Stu made it for us, so you might want to ask him for one," Celrock explained.

"I certainly will," TCKing12 said. "That table looks pretty cool!" Before any of them could say another word, Peter called for TCKing12 from his mini car.

"TCKing12, come on in!" Peter shouted. He and Michael were already inside of the mini car.

"Oh, coming!" TCKing12 said. He began running over, until Betty stopped him.

"Wait!" she exclaimed. TCKing12 turned around, puzzled. She walked over and handed him a large bag. "Put the presents inside of this thing." TCKing12 nodded, quietly thanking her before taking a seat in Peter's mini car.

"Thanks, guys!" Peter, TCKing12, and Michael called as they hopped into Peter's mini car.

"Well, that was fun," TCKing12 acknowledged, buckling up.

"Yes, and the clues were an interesting way to lead us here," Michael agreed. The two buckled up before Peter began packing the gifts that he and TCKing12 had gotten into the bag. Once he was done, he turned to them.

"Are you two ready?" Peter asked.

"We are indeed," TCKing12 said.

With that, Peter did his usual work, typing in the names of people there (this time, he typed in Troy, his second servant's, name,) before clicking 'Proceed.'

"Three, two, oneâ€¦!"

And with that, they were taken to their destination, pleased to have had such pleasant birthdays and such an amazing party.

**This story is fifteen days late, but still, happy belated birthday to TCKing12, and I hope you enjoyed the story! :) **

**I'd say that this story is slightly AU, since in the normal timeline, Kimi and the others would only be a few years younger than Peter since he's turning 21, but since I normally have the kids as babies in my bday stories, I decided to keep them as babies here.

**

End
file.